There was a boy

who hated feeling small.

So the first time a bully pushed him,

and he fell in the dirt,

and everyone laughed—

something inside him cracked.

He swore that day:

“I will never be weak again.”

So he learned boxing.

He trained until his knuckles bled,

until he could overpower anyone.

But then a bigger bully came.

Picked him up.

Slammed him into the ground.

Humiliated him again.

His pride screamed:

“I will rise above every man.”

So he learned martial arts.

Kung fu.

Taekwondo.

Jiu-jitsu.

Every discipline under the sun.

Nothing satisfied him.

Then came the army.

Real war.

Real blood.

Real fear.

And he watched his brothers—

the soldiers who trusted him—

fall by the sword.

So he became a samurai.

A master of the blade.

Cold.

Precise.

A warrior who moved like a machine.

But then the sword met the gun.

And his army died again.

So he became a sniper.

Eyes of steel.

Breath like iron.

He could kill from a mile away.

But cities don’t fall to bullets.

They fall to bombs.

And when his whole kingdom

was swallowed in fire,

so he found a new idol:

Power itself.

He became a nuclear engineer.

A genius of destruction.

He teamed up with Oppenheimer,

dreaming of weapons

that could silence nations…

and crown him king of fear.

And then—

when he finally believed

no one could ever overcome him—

the earth opened its mouth

A quake.

A crack.

A swallowing.

His empire…

his inventions…

his armies…

his pride…

his entire legacy…

vanished

in seconds.

Everything he built

to escape humility

became dust beneath his feet.

Because in all his striving,

all his victories,

all his obsessions

with becoming godlike—

He never once looked up.